P.F.S. POST

PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

Brian Kim Stefans (Los Angeles, USA): "White Sestina"

Again, they've tricked me out of bed
With the rumor of sight. No casual joke.
It seems they didn't know what they were doing
As if this dawn of rose and of white
Were the gist of some other problem they were working
On. I am up now, and seething

With expectation. How I am seething
That the vision filtered through, and on my bed
Stood, for a sweet second, the pilot working
Its craft down to its pad, like a joke
Which promised to be innocently white
Discovered, in the end, to be something doing!

And though I wish I were doing
Pet tricks, like a hound who can't stop seething
Espying through the brush notes of white
(A brand new car, or pillow for its bed)
I am rarely ever in on it, when the joke
Escapes into the higher lights, like a clock never working.

But I am working. I am working
Listening to what the repair man's doing
To the faucet upstairs, and when a joke
Falls from his lips, like a bubble from a trepanned seething,
I recoil like a child in its bed
Taking notes, but protecting its fairly white

Neck, wanting to keep it white. White

Editor:
- Adam Fieled

Artist Posts

- Brian Kim Stefans (Los Angeles, USA): "White Sestina"
- Adam Fieled (editor, Philadelphia, USA): "On A Mar...
- Susan Wallack (Philadelphia, USA): "The Stranger"
- P.F.S. Post Anthology (USA, UK, Australia, Canada)...
- Vlad Pogorelov (San Francisco, USA): "No. 32"
- Interviews with the Editor (New Orleans, USA, Lond...
- Susan Wallack (Philadelphia, USA): "A Shoe Box The...
- Jeremy Eric Tenenbaum (Philadelphia, USA): "dear gr"
- Steve Halle (Illinois, USA): "yao"
- Adam Fieled (editor, Philadelphia, USA): "On A Party"

Contributors

- Adam Fieled

I Power Blogger

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The clouds want to show they're working
But I take it they need not lift my bed
To rise to the stars, to explain what they're doing
So many weeks on the ground, the forum seething
With suspicion, that the mission be some sort of joke!

And, someday, we will just joke
About it, Aeneas. But say this to him, white
Is the cloud, like a bang, and the working
A fairer standard to satisfy the seething.
Sure, it is clear there is something doing.
So lie down here, next to me, in my bed.

For the bed is the joke
Doing lines before the judges, who are white
With pride and indignation, seething, working.

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P.F.S. POST

PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

Adam Fieled (editor, Philadelphia, USA): "Equations #12"

Indeed, some equations are about nothing but pain: consummate, unceasing, unyielding pain. With Heather, the extreme fluidity of our intercourse lubricated into being a mixed set of thoughts and emotions. Ecstasy and agony remained in exact, if delicate, balance. From the moment I met Roberta, while still a young boy, her presence engendered in me a sense of extreme attraction and craving, soured by a sense of her as obstinate, obdurate, and generally a hard case. Roberta as a girl had olive skin, not unlike N; lank tawny hair which fell over her eyes and which she used to preen; a sleek, straightforwardly pretty face, which emphasized prominent cheekbones and (slightly) buck teeth. The story of the emergence of her clique in my class, as of fifth grade at Elkins Park Middle School, and my brief immersion in it, is not worth telling. The story of a dynamic tinged towards Pip-Estella, her used by forces above her to torment me, is worth telling. I was in the clique briefly, then out. What caused both of us the most pain, is a simple reality which animated everything which happened between Roberta and I: she wanted me as much as I wanted her, and we both knew it. We were condemned to be in love at the most star-crossed possible angle, and for many years, until the end of high school. Me in the clique, then half-in, then not in at all didn't matter: a force behind her, built into Cheltenham, the school district and the community, compelled her to play Estella for as long as she knew me. Roberta coped by halving things: she was only sort-of Estella, sort of a would-be lover, sort of with Cheltenham, sort of against. Her own equation was to take whatever emotional response she had to me and tramp it into the ground, just to survive, just to eat. We were playing tennis once, and she broke from her protocol (and disrupted the game) just to tell me a parable of sorts. There was this guy she was mad about, but she knew it just couldn't work out. And she'd done everything she could to try and jockey for a different position in her community, and failed. I was still a child, with a child's level of awareness, but even then I knew she sounded suspiciously like she was talking about me. Cheltenham had thrown her a bone: she had one chance to communicate to me,

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- Adam Fieled

Artist Posts
- Mike Land (Philadelphia, USA): "Drank"
- Adam Fieled (editor, Plymouth Meeting, Pennsylvani...
- Becky Hilliker (Boston, USA): "Catch"
- Noah Eli Gordon (Colorado, USA): "Sonnet with a Qu...
- Mike Land (Philadelphia, USA): "Step: Ronnie"
- Adam Fieled (editor, Plymouth Meeting, Pennsylvani...
- Andrew Lundwall (Rockford, Illinois, USA): Three P...
- Susan Wallack (Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, USA): ...
- Vlad Pogorelov (Rocklin, California, USA): "No. 28"
- Waxing Hot, a poetics dialogue: Andrew Duncan (Not...

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however obliquely, how she felt in my direction. The parable half-worked. I was never really able to achieve certainty, for myself, however, that it was about me. And for seven years, the half-assed romance stumbled forward. Communities destroyed individuals, as usual. Senior year, the sadness of her half-assed inscription in my yearbook leaned on N, who was more fulsome, for redemption; and both leaned me forward, into my days, to reach the apogee I achieved with Trish.

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P.F.S. POST

PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

Susan Wallack (Philadelphia, USA): "The Stranger"

Consider life's billion anxious
gulps of oxygen, smog porridge
sucked ad nauseam. If a wily

Camus invites us to agree
that Sisyphus is happy, I'm
satisfied to dream Camus'

Algeria: super-heated sands
hemming the Mediterranean,
and a raucous newborn

gleaming with slime, a just-plucked
shell held high into the sun. Her
nomad-father's rutted palms

obliterate all light, his desert-
dimmed eyes squinting to find
stripes, moles, stigma, signs—

imperfections to justify
a drowning. No surprise. Just too few
dried figs, no gods or fires

driving them forward, into the sea,
ancient terrors, shallow waters
heaving salt, fish, history.

originally published in The Brownstone Review No. 5

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P.F.S. POST

PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

P.F.S. Post Anthology (USA, UK, Australia, Canada) and more

This archive anthology of P.F.S. Post includes everything published on the site, straight from October 2005 to March 2021. Over fifteen years worth of material.

And: an online, library edition of the 2009 print anthology The & Now Awards: The Best Innovative Writing, which includes myself and three others published here: Gabriel Gudding, Simone Muench, and Matina Stamatakis.

In addition: a chunk of P.F.S. Post put in archival form by National Library of Australia's Trove.

Vlad Pogorelov (San Francisco, USA): "No. 32"

"You're an enigma," she said
You're an enigma
I know all about you
At least more than the other girls
Her kiss was sweet and warm
Alcohol and perfume
I couldn't look in her eyes
"Yea....Yea," I said
"I don't want to be exposed
It's not good for you"
"For me?" she asked
"It's O.K. for me," she repeated
"You talk gibberish," I said
We kissed some more
Then she went to the bathroom
To snort

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Ha! She liked cocaine
"God damn enigma," I thought
While drinking some lager
And when I lighted a cigarette
A black man came up to me
And asked me if I was queer.

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P.F.S. POST

PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

Interviews with the Editor (New Orleans, USA, London, UK)

A few notable interviews done with me over the years as editor of P.F.S. Post:

For a graduate (M.F.A.) project at the University of New Orleans, poet Anny Ballardini interviewed me (and several other web editors) about life as a web-editor in 2006. The interview appeared on poet Bill Lavender's site Lavender Ink.

The Argotist Online did a feature in 2008 about editors and current publishing issues, many of which are still with us today. An interview with me and others was part of the feature.

© Lavender Ink, The Argotist Online, 2006, 2008

Susan Wallack (Philadelphia, USA): "A Shoe Box Theory of the Universe"

At times God seems
Like a scientist to me,
Patient & persistent,

Experiments still pending
Stashed in a shoe box
On Heaven's marble floor.

And from time to time,
Say once in an aeon,
He lifts the corner

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Gingerly, as if not
To disturb us,
Checking on progress,

Then lowers the lid
And inscribes
The statistics.

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PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

Jeremy Eric Tenenbaum (Philadelphia, USA): "dear gr"

dear gr
etchen. hellos. i was
just now mentioning
to Pietyr of Left
Bank fame, you
know; it is 12:46 &
the play re
sumed with Lolita
in the role of Carl
Orf sans the uncome
ly goatee & it
is seven of march ninetee
n ninety-six is 12:47 or so
Europeans write; i am
so sorry I didn't call yr

dance di
tracted me, desdom
ona shrt of brth in blue tights & fal
setto applause to thine own self. hellos. de
ar gretchen it is t
ime for a new style this
one is tight!
at the cuffs yr
mother agrees w
ith me & the last act of "
Carmen but Pietyr

dear Gretchen: pietyr dis
sents he says to thine o

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wn self is a but much Oh
the dress-ups! the autumn black ties bowing
over the varnisht parquee & fire-
flies wilde! on the hem & mown lawn, ja! an
ev'nin tea; it
is 12:57 mail
will come at noo
n or one
p.m., wearing a leather jerkin, &
the letter will read:
dear gretchen & dear not unkindly, vast, holy. hellos. i will b
e at the Concessions where Milly of La Rue St. Jean sells cig
arettes/ bubble gums/ ta
piocca pies & she loves me! & I love her! we h
ave never met 'formal' but the wedding's in June Oh
spangld garlnd or bougainvillea, orchid, the padre presides
: will you, sin
cerely, the ai
sle dance/ with a skit of blue orchids, yr beautiful two-step fire-
fly thine-own-Self? dear

© 1999

originally published in **CPR 12**

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PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

Steve Halle (Illinois, USA): "yao"

dear Jackson Pollock's memory,

oh well i tend to agree with the crying/passion/exhaustion argument but you've put me in a tough spot yet again. living with the enemy of our undefined yet common belief sys. don't worry abt being defensive and btw it's molehills but n e ways. what r u signing my year book or something? and this faculty meeting day makes me want to quit my job idealistically like student in Updike short story "A&P" and are we going to just become vagrants? & is that all of "what's left" to do? and and and listen to Brahms 4th like I kno what tha fuck he means? and listen to jazz like I kno wtf? and read like I no wtf? and write things so obscure even me the transparent eyeballed creator doesn't know wtf it all means? I guess the point was I'm tired right now tired like not go to sleep tired but tired in other ways and ways I can't defend or argue abt but it might just be time to lay low & there are no readily avail. times on any foreseen horizons for such lazy nonsensical endeavors. On the floor I am more at ease, I feel nearer. I'm better at buying books than reading them but they don't and I don't understand why not they don't pay you for that more likely the opp. and i know what's-his-name sd steal this book and all that but i don't feel like being cooped up ether. I mn either. an epic struggle between man and material might unfold. lots of luck, honey.

love, not chaos,
s

This poem originally appeared in issue 11 of the print journal **Ocho**, guest edited by Adam Fieled, in 2007.

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- Adam Fieled

Artist Posts

- Mary Walker Graham (Boston, USA): "At St. Baume"
- Adam Fieled (editor, Plymouth Meeting, Pennsylvani...
- Chard deNiord (Putney, Vermont, USA): "Club Erebus"
- On Jordan Stempleman's Facings
- Leonard Cohen (Montreal, Quebec, Canada): "What I'...
- Mark Young's eNumerations...
- Steve Halle (Palatine, Illinois, USA): from Map of...
- Adam Fieled (editor, Plymouth Meeting, Pa, USA): f...
- Waxing Hot, a poetics dialogue: Rachel Blau DuPles...
- Chris McCabe (London, UK): "Existential Clubbing"

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Adam Fieled (editor, Plymouth Meeting, Pennsylvania, USA): from *Equations*: Thesis: #45

Growing up with Emma, who had been in my class at CHS, wasn't like growing up with Roberta. It wasn't like anything. Emma, a lanky blonde with long, lank blonde hair, a chiseled, cat-like face, and long limbs, looked like a stunt double for Trish, and had been merely an acquaintance. She was quiet, and kept to herself. Her friends were among the geeks of the class. Why and how Emma knew to show up now, in the midst of all this turbulence with Trish, I have no idea, but she did. I laughed because she so resembled Trish, but I was also aroused. I liked the idea, past N and Roberta, of a real hook-up within my class, even ten years after the fact. She was there, at the Last Drop, on a succession of key summer days, in a sleeveless white blouse. After all these years, her cat-face grew on me as enchanting, compelling, suggestive of something her whole presence insinuated— she identified heavily with Trish, and had a female impulse to demarcate turf which could also be hers. Whether she'd been stalking us or just heard what was happening with us from the suburbs, I still don't know. I knew she was commuting to Center City from somewhere. What she wanted was just one night with me, I later concluded. When, on the one late afternoon I made my way with her back to Logan Square, we were ensconced, she took out a bottle of Robitussin as though it were an aperitif, and she were Trixie Belle. She wanted, as she said, a Robo-trip. It was part of the magic of that night that Emma wound up encapsulating for me so many different partners at once, including partners merely being anticipated. I found it easy to begin making love to her, because she made it easy. Her equation was interesting, about female levels of awareness— everything about her physiology screamed, you always wanted me the most, but you just didn't know it. You're a man— you don't know these things. I have delivered myself to you because you need me now, and I need you. Now you may begin to learn who you are. And we made love with great fluidity and rapidity, and then we made love again. Her fluidity was like Heather's would be, and the sense of being lulled into a trance of perpetual, high-intensity intercourse, on the bed, then on the living room floor, on the couch in the living room, from the front, from the back, was like Jena. We each gave the other a show-stopping performance, manifesting (as was odd, and as I was not too dumb and callow to notice) an inversion of our years of starving for each other. The absolute ecstasy of several mutual orgasms was the tactile insignia, as it might've been with Roberta and N, of an eternity of denial overcome. This, even as what was built into us both had been noticed only by her. Why, in sex equations, women usually hold the cards: women are receptive to sensory data on a deeper level than men, and have a primordial understanding of physiology, of bodies and more bodies, which men do not. When bodies speak, women listen more. Emma and I shared a home, but only she registered what our bodies shared, what was in them. When Trish showed up, it

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was a red flag from nature that it would be Emma's time to show up too. Even if it proved to be the cosmic design that after one night, I would never see Emma again.

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Vlad Pogorelov (Rocklin, California, USA): "No. 105"

I wanted to kill myself for years
But I always lived on the first floor
And the gun shops won't sell a gun
To a foreigner with a criminal background
It's not that there are no other ways to do it
I dreamt of drinking myself to death
But after hours of puking
I discovered that life is O.K.
As long as you don't have to punch
Somebody's time-clock
Or when you're drunk but are still
Able to drive
And the classical music
Or a beautiful woman,
Or a decent typewriter,
Or a good friend,
Who is not asking you for some
Cash until Friday, every other day

At the moment,
I am still alive
We made love 3 times last night
It's 2:20 p.m.
I had two cups of tea,
Three cigarettes,
Plus some beer for breakfast
My woman is in the shower
She lives on the third floor
(Too low to jump
and I don't want to be crippled)

P.S.: She came out of the shower.

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Looked at the first line. Put her hands
On my shoulders and said firmly:
"If you're gonna kill yourself, I'm gonna
Kill you, son of a bitch. Besides,
I don't need blood in my apartment."

© 1997

Rodrigo Toscano (New York, USA): "The Promise"

I've listened to a good number of subaltern aesthetic movements.

I've mini-mighted my feet in the direction of their promise.

Godzilla, in his dark green coarse coat, "a city— all mine! well, sorta."

My emotional walls are thin as paper; the walls are collapsing, one onto the other; sharpest pencil to run-of-the-millest pulp; charms, alarms.

My molar.

You, you don't speak, you *won't* speak, even though your young family's behind the waterfall screaming in ecstasy.

Spalding Gray was found floating in my neighborhood polluted river-front.

I nurture (quite literally) no one thing; it's the blanks I venture.

Look at that speck of light, hear Mayakovsky's imprint, *At These Four Strokes*.

Two negations, one tucked inside the other.

I'm cued up to be a social infant "in the middle of my path" (in the dog days of my ways).

I'm cued up to speak— *after you*.

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I've glistened too long in the sun without sympathetic, beluga-like realities, popping up for air.

I've maxi-minded my manners with the most uninsurrectional crowd I've ever encountered.

I hear a thousand fifes in the distance— fuck, I *know* that's bad.

My spongy sack o' cum.

"I"— ain't a problem at all, it's the "You" that's the thicket.

Spalding Gray left his loft early in the morning; it was 11 degrees that day.

What a chilly thing to say, "You, you don't speak, you *won't* speak, even though your young family's behind the waterfall screaming in ecstasy."

I fracture (quite literally) everything; it's the particles I assume.

Listen to assemblages of flesh, hear Artaud *At These Four Strokes*

Two suppositions, one slipped-knotted into the other.

I've been roped into being a representationalist "in the midst of a dark forest" (in the Aurora Borealis of the now)

I've been tugged hard to speak— *after you*.

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PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

Christopher Goodrich (New Jersey, USA): Two Poems

UPON HEARING THAT SHE AND THE MAN WITH WHOM SHE CHEATED ARE GETTING MARRIED (after Mary Oliver)

Somewhere behind me
the staccato of young men,
their laughter, a fitting truth,
something I wish I had
moments ago when the news
covered my body like sudden
rain.. Beside me, an umbrella
I've carried since morning.
I hope to God I don't forget it
when it's time again to leave.
I've ruined more evenings that way,
my shoes soaked, my body shaking.
I don't know what kind of animal
love is. I do know how to pray
on bent knees for someone
else's failure. From the ledge
of a lonely and startled dream,
I put my hands together and begin
the way anyone would: Dear God

DRINKING TOGETHER, LI PO AND I ADMIRE WANG'S GARDEN

We go back and forth like this:
raising our gin soaked chins
to a translucent daytime moon,
toasting the indecent goldenrod,

Editor:
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the sweet sting of morning,
then, falling deep into an unbelievable 10 am,
memorizing the hibiscus.

Last night, a dozen friends joked
as you stripped clean and rode the rope
swing into the river. Afterwards, the wine wet,
the grass low and dying, we vowed to cherish
the balding crocus in sickness and health.

This morning we watch the birds
return one by one to Wang's roof,
our backs against the same oak,
our tumblers now empty.
I am drifting in and out of consciousness,
but you are still awake, writing something down,
transfixed by willow-blossom, the call of the moon,
willow-blossom, moon, blossom, moon.

These poems originally appeared in Ocho #11 in 2007.

c. Christopher Goodrich

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P.F.S. POST

PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

Vlad Pogorelov (San Francisco, USA): "At the Train Station"

Being low on inspiration in the middle of the train station
Trying to find a decent rhyme or the place to go
Feeling very cheap like an amateur with a third class ticket

Isn't it a crime, a very major crime of nature
When you're subjected to not being able to find a
Rhyme or a decent woman?

But fuck the nature! Let's break this glass wall!
Go outside, be artificial but independent
And vice versa...Do you still like the verse?
In the meantime returning to the original style:
- Shut up and smile.

Nothing helps better than looking at polyester shirts,
Clear plastic skirts, synthetics and vinyl
Aluminum in the form of foil paper
Or listening to your last words:
- See ya later
When you don't mean it.

Paper, another artificial object. Nailing words to it,
Letting them dry and being absorbed
Feeling like a medieval knight holding his medieval sword,
Killing enemies,
Splashing blood just like ink, when the ink is just like blood

God! God! God! And the Virgin Mary. Here is the letter:
Dear Mary! Would you love me, would you fuck me?

Editor:
- Adam Fieled

Artist Posts

- Brian Kim Stefans (Los Angeles, USA): "White Sestina"
- Adam Fieled (editor, Philadelphia, USA): "On A Mar...
- Susan Wallack (Philadelphia, USA): "The Stranger"
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- Steve Halle (Illinois, USA): "yao"
- Adam Fieled (editor, Philadelphia, USA): "On A Party"

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I'll be very gentle, very caring.
I'll treat you nice, Mary. I am not exactly from Palestine,
But please, do not hesitate
To accept some very valuable foreign aid in the form of a
Smile.

And Mary's telegram says:
Wait! You're not a carpenter, you're a poet.
So go fuck your Muse or your mom.
The end of the telegram.

My reply: *Dear Mary! Thank you for the advice.*
Still want to fuck you. Love you very, very.

And back to the train station.
Where would I go without an inspiration,
Without a rhyme or a decent woman?
New York? Moscow? Near past? Distant future?
After all, the crime is becoming a punishment
When you try to cut your soul open.

c. Vlad Pogorelov

"At the Train Station" was originally included in the print chapbook "Derelict," from Repossessed Head Press.

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P.F.S. POST

PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

Stacy Blair (Indiana, USA): "Photo Experiments"

Blonde locks jut out over the tops of pigtails,
bleached beach/sand-color by the sun.
Time's short between this photograph and my regard.
Picture: no flower lays or shoes, just
young grass hips. She is, I am, we were,
very young. The entire page of this album
flanks history; under my mind, another
helpless time explosion. I was, we were, are,
naked newborns, as our little limbs on film.

c. Stacy Blair 2008

- Steve Halle (Illinois, USA): "yao"
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P.F.S. POST

PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

Adam Fieled (editor, Conshohocken, Pennsylvania, USA): "Ode: On Exile"

No bells strike at Saint Matthew's; midnight
  means lights out; across Fayette Street, windows
send slow signals; but for hope of daylight,
  no means of evoking, painted or not, halos.
Occasional cars; the 7-11 parking lot empties
  not completely, the night crew forced to spill
    laced coffee, pills, down throats, past painted
faces reflecting gloom, as they plan candies
  passed around to kill behind, enemies
    locked in basements, unwilling dross killed.

Dull, dense, reptile-laden world— nature's phantom
  side, scarred with imperatives to destroy— I
stride past Calvary Episcopal, its handsome,
  enchanted spires, trying to forge a "who" and "why."
Caravaggio's John the Baptist, crouched darkly
  in murk, I superimpose on Conshohocken at
    night, including the succession into severed head—
knowing that in there (7-11), warnings sharply
  uttered mean nothing, less than nothing at that,
    humanity is lost, then its corpse is bled.

This is not the world I was born for— Butler
  Pike, a Honda pulls into the abandoned
Dairy Queen lot, the young male driver scuttles
  out into the apartment complex, fear-flattened—
as to what John Milton would say about these
  suburban straits, everyone changing form
    like Satan, a poet singed by lost innocence

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up all night on his own pills, thoughts, caffeine—
    I divine he knew all this, putrid fires warmed
        to kill brains, rigid rules passed on, idiot to idiot.

c. 2015

Chris McCabe (London, UK): "Rotgut Whiskey"

The last teeth I count
are in the hand, not to
mouth; truth is a dog
with kittens, drunk on
winter tequila. My
mirror lost its glass,
wrote me a Dear
John note in dust. It
said, look out, & I did.
Saw the night, with its
one eyelid. Fed up
with detritus? Move
to this vacancy. Here,
light your own. The
stars go on and off,
like women turning
tricks for rotgut whiskey.

c. Chris McCabe 2009

Leonard Gontarek (West Philadelphia, USA): Two Poems

ON LOVE

The woman was talking about how she had maybe
three cigarettes a week now, cut down from twenty
on a good day, while the barista ground into earth
my French roast. She wasn't with me, she was
with the other guy in line. Yet I was lost in
the death sentence of her down-to-her-ass,
fairy-tale hair. Just as I was surprised

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by Autumn moments before.

AUTUMN II

Autumn leaves rustle and crumple.
The sound heard is like earlier,
when children rolled plastic hoops (yellow and scarlet)
in full sunlight. He possesses the self-same heart
he has previously. It was broken. It mended.
It was broken. Now it is simply in disarray.
The laundry, fragrant with lemon, floats
in the first visible backyard, like ghosts.

c. Leonard Gontarek 2010

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P.F.S. POST

PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

Steve Halle (Illinois, USA): from *Blackbirds*

Under the desk-
red plastic box
of Legos, from which
things were built
demolished brick
by plastic brick,
a place of origins
lays in wait

behind blue blinds,
a red light, an imagining,
made real by imagination.
The memory of its glow,
the ghost apparatus,
rising mind at bedside dawn.

Etched in the marble
of a city's empirical consciousness,
a dead man eternally bleeds.
Voices plead with his blood
for certitude, and construct

a reply, feels real enough
to pacify the weary mind,
the dry throat forming words,
yet the body reaches after
its own and another's carnality,
only flesh memories pacify,
not scripted visions of fantasy.

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The lampshade grants
the bedroom understated light.
A turn-dial color TV,
one-hundred faux-fur paws,
magnitudes of material,
when love is pulled from warm hands.

c. Steve Halle 2006

Nick Moudry (Philadelphia, USA): "Victoria, High Quality Pt. 2"

Film hits me with an OK boys
don't like this story
is my favorite sequence of course
under the she is under the illuminating hello
you are programmed to act
of your own talking turned into
a speech which says "Hi"
of course we are here to see you doesn't
belong here turns out to be very proud acts
just like a play the agent role is fragile
will you play of course you will if it is written you will
love it everyone sings under the
always evolving she hits me with a
character's all I have ever written
of course I want to be like all over the place
but she said it's too
cold outside to be standing around
thinking why don't you go fuck yourself
& she says let's go home & fuck
& I am thinking hey yeah
it's great to be an American

The biggest fuck you
about life is I'd probably sound more
messages into your machine
but am not entirely sure you like people

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as far as I'm concerned I wish I could
wake up & no one is there or is
pretending to be there she holds
my hand I have no idea what she means
when she is so friendly you can say I am
lost behind everything or
it has been a long time since I even
thought of America was up til four o'clock
looking at us only often in the act

c. Nick Moudry 2006

Chris McCabe (London, UK): Two Untitled Poems

I seek the fine grain with the coarse mind,
The cloth my brain is wrapped in, rough
To the touch of the world's green edges.
My body sometimes knows what's to be

Done, when in name I speak a wild field
That has not been cleared of impediments:
The culture's stones, commerce's salt
That rot the Earth and shut off the sun.

I long to yield beauty, in its own allotment;
Uncurbed and yet refined; freely available
But not cheapened by bargained price.
Let the springs, the bird-songs, the trees

Come into their aloneness like a coronation
That allows the new king to attain greatness
Amidst the very loss that brought them there.
All that is most clear and true is visible

Like the color that breathes itself on rain
To make the surface dazzle with life, to show
That what is beautiful carries between floors
And can be on the ground, or greenly upstairs.

.....

Things are what kings hold- and let go of, once;
Learning too late that the nothing outside belongs
To the nothingness buzzing in our blood, and will
Connect to it, as a burglar will drill through
Steel locks and busy tumblers, to our blood.
The tempest of existence thrums and thunders,
Rumbling the body like the great beating of a kettle drum,
Announcing the hard hollows and stretched surfaces
Of ourselves, our groaning testimony to being present
Against our wish, presented to an audience who loves us less.
We sense the vibrancy of loss as a humming of violins
Like a surgery wild with last-minute cutting, a tuning
Up of instruments and mastery- the universe
Has a dancer's body and a maggot's mind.

c. Chris McCabe 2009

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P.F.S. POST

PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

Adam Fieled (editor, Philadelphia, USA): "Apparition Poem #1613"

#1613

Follow Abraham up the hill:
to the extent that the hill is
constituted already by kinds
of knives, to what extent can
a man go up a hill, shepherd
a son to be sacrificed, to be
worthy before an almighty
power that may or may not
have had conscious intentions

where hills, knives, sons were
concerned, but how, as I watch
this, can I not feel that Abraham,
by braving knives, does not need
the one he holds in his rapt hands?

c. 2010

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P.F.S. POST

PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

Adam Fieled (editor, Philadelphia, USA): *Equations*: Thesis: #15

for Jena Strayner

With Heather, Wendy, Julie, and the others: mostly hokey contrivance. All roads must lead back to Jena, because she is where this road begins. Picture a nineteen-year-old woman in the first bloom of rich youth. Not material wealth as in money, but in looks and everything else. Jena stands about 5'6, she has cornstalk blonde hair, cut short into a pageboy. Her large, bright blue eyes tend to widen when she is pleased or aroused, and her smile is wide enough to split her face in half. Thick lips, a roundish face, high forehead, skin just pale enough to make her whole contours have a quality of shock about them; large breasts that do not even have the thought of sag in them; flat stomach; long legs that she deliberately displays in such a way that the adjective "coltish" seems appropriate. Jena was born and bred in a small town; it would be inconceivable that she would have sex for any reason but love. We work up to sex over a period of two months. Because we are working in tune with our emotions, because we let ourselves fall in love first (at twenty, I have been in love before, but never like this), when we get down to the business of physical passion we do it with no holds barred, so that nothing, no roles, no equations, no rigid striations, needs to be contrived. At twenty, I don't quite realize the miraculous nature of what I'm getting; I have no idea how far, how fast, and how bitterly I will have to fall after Jena. I just naively swim into her, her into me, and every squish that happens between our bodies strikes a chord felt by us both.

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Kristen Orser (Chicago, USA): Three Poems

Editor:
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Artist Posts
- Chris McCabe (London, UK): from Progress Poems
- P.F.S.: Nine Paintings 2
- P.F.S.: Nine Paintings
- Mary Walker Graham (Boston/Virginia, USA): "On the...
- William Allegrezza (Indiana, USA): "distances"
- Barnaby Smith (New South Wales, Australia): "Dockl...
- Cleveland Wall (Bethlehem, Pa, USA): "Midge"
- Adam Fieled (editor, Plymouth Meeting, USA): "Appa...
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THE BED HAS NO HEADBOARD

I'm balanced is something
I want to tell you. Another thing,
if you don't stop running
the water I won't ever stop considering
your halo or that which reminds me
of your halo. When I pander, push
me, and when I push just remember
the faucet's wish list.

WISH LIST

Just imagining looking up, never realizing
the boundaries you have set for yourself.
How many ceilings can you have before you suffocate
from thinking inwardly. I have an outer shell which doesn't
remind me of anything, besides I'd rather cry on the couch
holding my arms against me, begging my arms to never let me go.
I leave because I care. I am the way planes fly.
There are reasons I have never felt tense in my shoulders,
and I keep writing them down on paper, and then forcing them
in-between the muscles and bones which make up this frame.
I ache, pray for mountains.

CLEAR IN THE BRISK, LAUGHING DAYLIGHT

The view from above, far above,
as if we all sat on shoulders gazing down at what was,
beautiful, and yet fleeting. A comic
scene. Your head ballooned with a yawn, a single
yawn followed by others. Your eyes were as big
as they ever were, your eyes were as big as now,
as the remainder of the season, of the past few years.

The trees kept leaving on their own like a glass
of water sitting on a wooden banister outside,
on some porch: the water— the sky— condensation— inevitability.

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c. Kristen Orser 2009

Steve Halle (Illinois, USA): from *Cessation Covers*

crooks on the inside means suicide
crops on the downside, pesticide
boy on the crib-side, infanticide
favor eyes over eyesight into homicide

she asked me to untie her,
chase away the lice, the worthy
few isn't me, which heaven sees—

.....

a chain for your locket, the photo
drips from your mouthed wish,
my light oversees my greatest
pension; a shock of impatiens.

the rat beneath a Blue Line train
diseases Chicago underground—

.....

broke Bogart, broken bone-saw,
thinned-out source, the sun capsizes
Los Angeles, and if you skip the sun
it will make you sleepy, if you count

measured breaths, you can snore
among bodies; these mink coats
paid off well; now I'm sworn off kills—

.....

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she gave in to "we," planted a house,
built a tree, still, needy, widgets belie
bees, a windy taboo, a yarn, pleased
by redundancy, Wednesday suits you.

she's the one she likes. all are pretty:
psalms and banshees like to scream
along; she likes to shoot his gun,
blown loose, left behind, if you wouldn't mind—

c. Steve Halle 2007

Adam Fieled (editor, Plymouth Meeting, Pennsylvania, USA): "PICC: *A Poet in Center City* #18"

The old guard are reserved about me; they refuse to deal with Christopher at all. Christopher is pompous about being young and fresh; he'll do anything not to be a bore. The sensibility finger points from Christopher to Morrissey and straight back to Oscar Wilde. As might be expected, Christopher is sexually ambiguous; he frequently makes flirtatious remarks in my direction. But, I notice over the first few years I know him, he only seems to date girls. Bisexuality is one of his adopted poses. Maybe. Joe Miller and Christopher, when they run into each other, have nothing to say. Christopher, at this time, has several poems out in the Columbia Poetry Review. Christopher's writing is more avant-garde than Joe's or Elizabeth's; bits of Pound, Cummings, and "Pop" kitsch. I never lose the sense that Chris is based in Manayunk, which is its own place (at a tangent to Center City) and with its own ethos. Main Street, Manayunk, is posh like Walnut Street, but smaller, more sedate, and cozier. Drinking in Manayunk (as Christopher and I are wont to do) is peaceful and, especially in spring and summer, decidedly a glamorous experience. Some of the glamour Christopher has for me is Manayunk glamour, and he does come off sometimes as a Manayunk transplant in Center City. The first important reading I do with Christopher is at Villanova University (he's an alumnus) on a cool spring night in '01, with J.R. Mitchum. We read to about fifteen female undergrads, and they treated us like big-shots. Who could ask for more? Yet, in hindsight, I am destined to realize a number of things about Christopher at this time. Philly around us is swinging quite nicely culturally, thank you very much. Christopher appears to be an actively-engaged, first-tier participant, and in many ways he is. But it would take someone more seasoned than me to decipher what leaked out of him, as we drank on those Manayunk nights. The truth is, that by 2001, Christopher associates his life

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in art with something that's already over, already in the past. I know the wide parameters that were set for him at Villanova— that the whole campus was familiar with him and his antics, not just with books but with movie cameras and video art, too. Just as Philly was swinging, the whole campus had swung around him. He was a hipster king, and did not lack for minions, either. I know these things, but Christopher is delicate about revealing what later becomes obvious— this time, on the Villanova campus, was when he was happiest by far. He had everything he needed. Where he lives in Manayunk as of '01 is a mystery, but a dark-edged one. And Christopher avoiding Logan Square and my apartment is dark-edged, too. Christopher is a creature of myth, and mythology, and the nights he commuted from Villanova to Manayunk and back, in the prime of 'd' magazine, were the nights that lived up to his bohemian ideal. What 'd' was took Christopher's myth and concretized it, gave it definite form. Everything for him coalesced around the 'zine and his editorship. Every once in a while one of us would say "I propose a toast…to 'd' magazine!" I erred, though, when I thought Christopher was ready to move on to new enterprises. He was stuck on his time as a big fish in a small pond. So we read at Villanova at in '01 in a reasonable way, but Christopher was looking for something, a moment, he could never find again. While it was always wry to remember the rejection slip I'd received from 'd', Christopher was not forthcoming about how he schematized himself and was confined in his own myths. I found out later.

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Stacy Blair (Indiana, USA): Two Poems

MORNING WINDOWS

Sky blue hangover over-hung
above my tea-top-table
this morning while you slept.
Long days set into short
nights, your sunny sheets
never want for company.

Yourself dispassionate,
disappearing come September
beyond distant barren fields.
Melting mountains mighty since
time spared their angled edges.

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Alliterative, I am consuming;

pretty poetess all the while
presumes ignorance.

LISTS RHETORIC

This gender-bender of a city
has me dealing in androgyny.
How am I expected to see
bliss beyond these words
of war poured out of your
mouth? I lie livid at the feet
of news, magazines,
not finding reasons why,
forgetting every second
that God did exist before Nietzsche.

c. Stacy Blair 2008

Andrew Lundwall (Illinois, USA): "Chicago"

chicago wind hair
spontaneously making noise
out there it's out there
plucked me from crazy wilderness
the sticks sniffling stoogey
o wild flower inebriated as a loon
what is it that spiritual graffiti
that follows you big lettered "poet"
through halls asteroid
upon halls asteroid hellishly
what in what gentle way
will i fuck her tonight?
in her prime my twilit dancer
this place these prancing people
among these demonically cupie

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my pulpit is shabby like dolls' shaved balls
i'm ultimate lush reverend drunk
the killer the pubic hair
caught in your coffee
so irish feel my name kiss me
swim around you in august heat
and the one who asked of me
where's your girlfriend at
what's her answer
where's her tropic where are you
this alliance these vague conversations
about studliness and self-reliance
kerouac i wish i were free too
my lowell my crop my lover so pre-
occupied me i'm so so pre-cummy
and there's this everything hooking up
and you should be too harbinger
warped by your binge wrapped around
spooked in your haunted closet

c. Andrew Lundwall 2007

Stacy Blair (Indiana, USA): Two Poems

A PERFECT CIRCLE IS...

A circle is what we talk in
and the hole in which our
words bury us; the bulging
blueberries I add with soymilk
to my *matinale* Grapenuts;
or the gears in my grandfather
clock, circling through time only
to double back. It is the hug
around my waist made by Elea
before she left for France; the sphere
of space made by lovers touching parted lips.

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Multiple circles of time form from repetition;
circles circling into generations make
five-dimensional slinkies,
our faults repeat like History while
new mornings wonder at our perseverance,
curious hearts.

A circle is the top of my water bottle
cap removed on the night-stand,
shapes my dreams take as I
circle back from sleep to
the same hour I rose yesterday (it was yesterday).
A perfect circle is a blueberry and the shape of us going nowhere.

MAPS

We peaked together atop
this snow-covered mountain,
rolled down its spine,
whereupon a creamy
blue fog covered my glasses.

Now we repose in the field,
backs up against cherry-bulbs;
the suspended poplar,
eyes drifting to the coast.
From across that field of

cherry-bulbs, suspended
poplars, the cemetery jogs along the coast.
Honesty, weeping, chills my lashes.
Oak-rich-ebony, your eyes match
your hair, block my view.

c. Stacy Blair 2008

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David Prater (Australia): Two Poems

STARS IN HIS HEART

he was the star that floated in water, lacking
space (& she was an astronomer in hawaii, or in
lower case (she's the satellite's document of a
dreamy eclipse (he's like a word once lost, now
formed by her lips (when she says goodbye – oh!
that word & all the stars go out (& it gets dark:
he drives through the night with just a radio &

his doubt of their separation (caused snows from november
to fall across the nation (never does, we never
knew that the stars could dream (the reflection
we'll never see; the white flakes' mist a panic
beam (that lonely message across a face we call
the skies (cry or close your eyes

(i am a child

AMERIKA

He was a jealous husband without a wife
I needed security and he gave me bullets
to rain down upon those discreet affairs
(which came, and passed. We settled in
to our familiar routine: me with my cats
and he out stalking prey. At night he'd
return with greenbacks in his ochre eye,
demanding fidelity, abstract truth and an
Amerikan way of life. I don't understand
how it came to this. I trusted him with
my life savings. He didn't believe in 'me'.
I see it now (with the clarity of sight
denied the blind. I sign divorce papers.
Mistrust could not

(a coalition make.

c. David Prater 2007

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Melissa Severin (Chicago, USA): "Ars Amatoria"

My life repeats,
bobs in and out
of water, misses

riptide,
nights' seaward
drag against stomach. Lungs
take no prisoners but this mouth
that sops kelp slush; an open window on my face.

Here is the thunderhead.
Hurricane. If the ocean turned
to snow we'd have an avalanche
of pine needles to sew shut our jaws.

Tug-of-war with breath,
lassoed voices, deteriorated word-ropes.
Against the molars, Morse code

of my name once spoken. Becomes it,
once spoken, untrue
for the grave *love* made; soliloquy
stuck in the tongue pit, monstrously
long.

Said *yes* too much,
licked clean plates clean,
watched skin go slate,
made specious excuses,

for failed concoctions best left to chemists,
undertakers and impressionists. They see
a thing distantly: heart beats in calligraphy,

on a compass, the measure of a termite wing

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ductile and trapped among cilia, taxidermied
dromedaries just to show us
what they're made of. Sequels scalpeled,
into skin like secrets now obsolete.

Call brush strokes obvious,
the use of plastics, morose.
If he gives you a rose,
do not knit him a blanket.

c. Melissa Severin 2007

Brooklyn Copeland (Carmel, Indiana, USA): Two fragments from *Kerosene Series*

Behind Washington the alley,
the rusted tracks.

Once, I disappeared for an afternoon.
I came back

with resin under my fingernails.

My Mother didn't know if she should be angry.

I could only tell her
that it'd been bleeding from a tree.

I didn't know the word *resin*.
Neither did she.

.....

Unblemished flesh wasted

on the modest

(parse, mince, parse, mince)

Molest: *The way you sing*

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an alphabet

The page's sincerest commands
sound us out; don't be scared

en plein four
en plein air
(ended up

I married
a man
allergic to orchids)

c. Brooklyn Copeland 2009

Nick Moudry (Philadelphia, USA): "Victoria, High Quality"

I never speak to her anymore
I think when I am hello this is
a new notebook do you
like it yes I like & enjoy it
because I am supposed to because she
bought it for me because
when you call me it is easy to slip
into our familiar form of conversation

The neighbors above me are getting restless
it's cold I am sitting by the window it's cold
who reads letters or writes them
I write sound when I mean *love* or *am*
forced to write she says I love you
every minute of every day I
am forced to write *I love you* because my belly
hurts because she says I love you best

at night when you are not
forced to say goodbye I have too much
stuff to do & the hum of the

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refrigerator is just that a hum
should I eat some cereal *yeah cereal that's*
good people don't need to fill
space with talking or feel longing when
no one is there or is

pretending to write letters she says
she loves me only when I am standing up
I am supposed to enjoy it
when she says she only loves me when I am
restless I am forced to write her letters nobody reads

c. Nick Moudry 2006

Stacy Blair (Indiana, USA): "Vieille fillette nocturne"

6:30 a.m. is when my heater keels over;
dried up somehow from the ice storm
which punctuated the night's prose on my

attic windows. This is where I live: the attic.
By 9 a.m. it's all slush, and my furnace is
hot and wet again. Cold shower: I need

one— present tense, of course. I will stop
not moving and wriggle a bit under covers,
twisting my body up in the blankets like

a fork in spaghetti. Three of them: not forks,
blankets. Three second-hand covers collected,
collect hair and skin samples from their human

domains: past, present, future. Who knows
how many have come before me, but I'll burn
this when I'm done. Maybe then, I'll light

a match to my own epidermis.

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